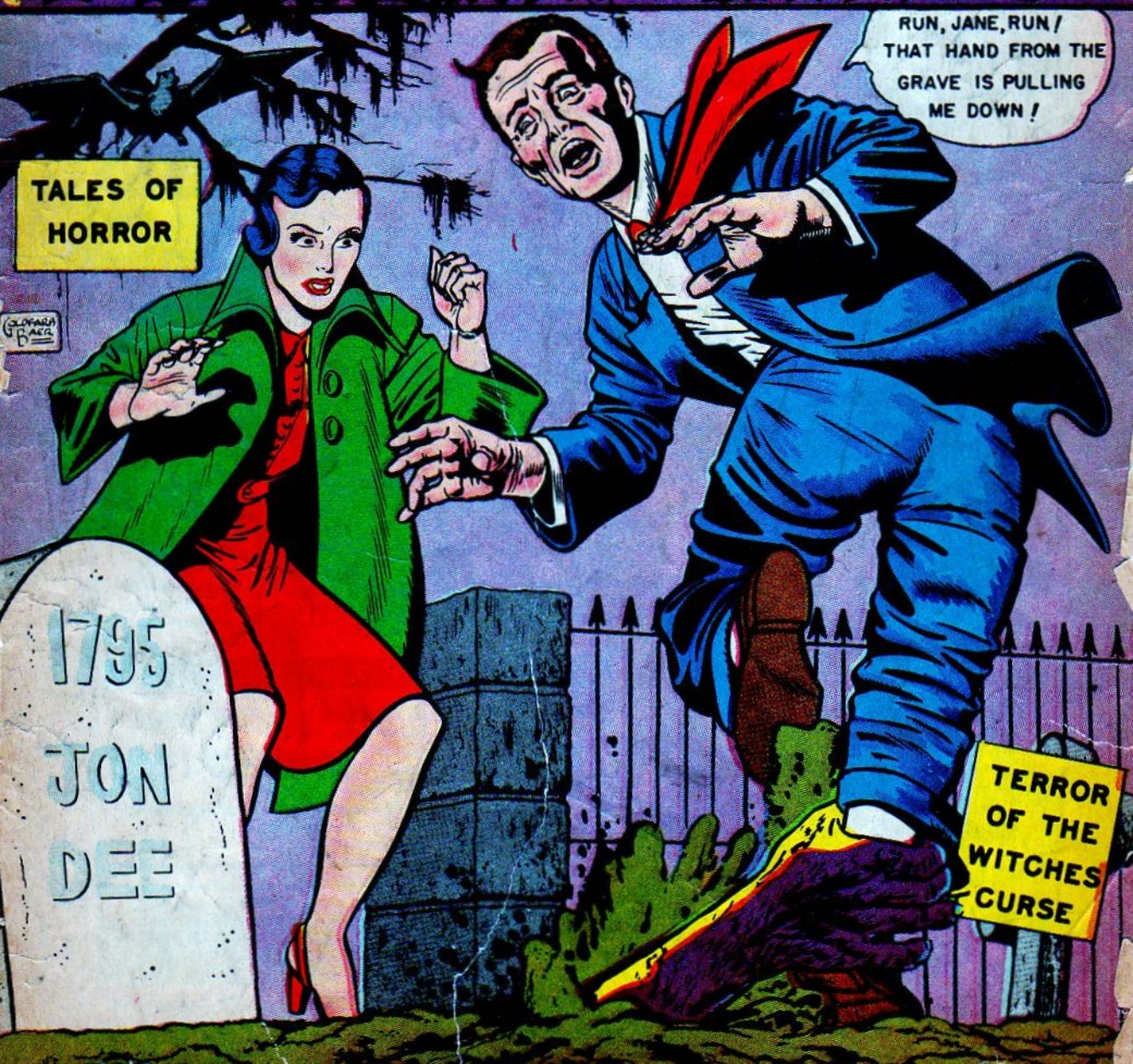


MYSTERIOUS ADVENTURES



TALES OF
HORROR

RUN, JANE, RUN /
THAT HAND FROM THE
GRAVE IS PULLING
ME DOWN !

TERROR
OF THE
WITCHES
CURSE

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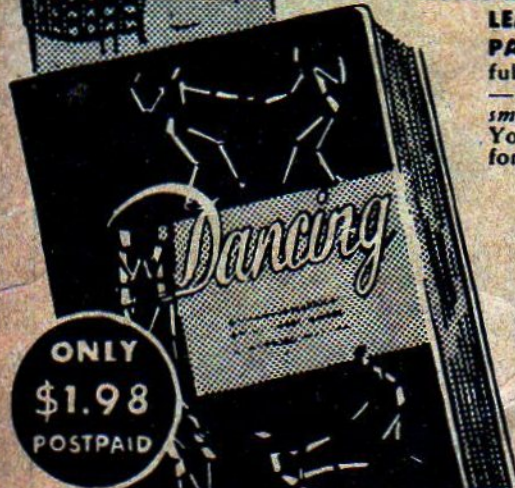
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CAP'N--/ THE REEFS--
WE'RE CRASHIN'
INTO THE
REEFS--//

WE'RE CRASHIN' INTO THE REEFS--!!

NEW! LIMEY-- SHE'S NOT ALIVE-- SHE'S DEAD!

NEW! LIMEY-- SHE'S NOT ALIVE-- SHE'S DEAD!

POWDER

ON A DANK MORNING IN 1793, THE SAILING

PALETTE

MARY, WE'RE FREE
AGAIN-! WE BARELY
ESCAPED FROM THOSE
TOWNSPEOPLE-!

AY, CAP'N-!

SWIFTLY THE PIRATE VESSEL BORE DOWN ON THE PLODDING BRIG.. THE TWO SHIPS GRAPPLLED AND SPUN ABOUT TOGETHER IN THE CHURNING SEA..

HEAVE TO, ME BUCKOES--! A BONUS TO THE FIRST MAN WHO BOARDS HER! HA, HA...

BANG!
BANG!

SOON, EVERYTHING WAS OVER EXCEPT THE FATE OF THE SURVIVORS. BLACK LUKE LOOKED OVER THE BEDRAGGLED LOT, HIS EYES AGLITTER WITH CRUELTY...

WHAT D'WE DO WI' THEM, CAP'N?

CAST 'EM ADRIFT--! GET RID O' THE WHOLE STINKIN' BUNCH--! HA, HA

PLEASE.. DON'T CAST US ADRIFT!

SALEM QUEEN

SHUT UP-- OR I'LL RUN YE THROUGH--PAH--! WHAT A SORRY PACK--NOT A DECENT-LOOKING MAN AMONG YE--!

HEAR ME SCOUNDREL-- LAUGH NOW--WHILE YOU CAN! IT'S CERTAIN DEATH OUT HERE--BUT WHEREVER YOU ARE--WE WILL COME BACK--!

BLACK LUKE, FEET SPREAD APART ON THE YAWNING DECK, LAUGHED LOUD AND LONG.. BUT NOT SO, OLD LIMEX, HIS MESS-ATTENDANT AND PERSONAL SLAVE...

CAP'N--PLEASE.. D'YE KNOW WHO SHE IS--? THE WITCH.. THE WITCH! I RECOGNIZE HER--!

SILENCE, SCUM--! WHEN I WANT YER OPINION, I'LL ASK FER IT--!

SMACK!

WITH A SWING OF HIS CUTLASS, THE PIRATE CHIEFTAN SET THE RAFT ADRIFT...

THERE--! COME BACK NOW IF YE CAN, OLD HAG! YER LUCKY I DIDN'T SPLIT YE! LET THE STORM AND THE SHARKS DO THAT FER ME--!

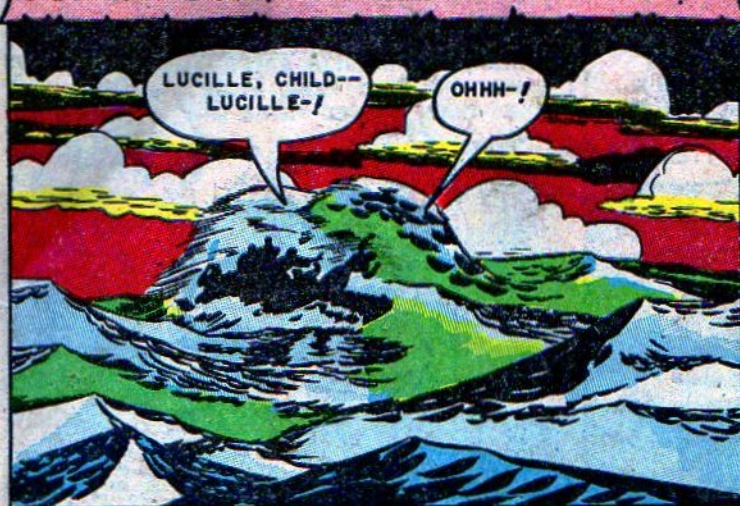
A DEMONS CURSE ON YOU CAP'N!

THE RAFT DRIFTED AWAY INTO THE GLOOM. A STORM WAS ON THE WAY! THE SURVIVORS HUDDLED TOGETHER--THE STRONG SHAKEN, THE WEAK, TERRIFIED...

MARY.. I.. I'M FRIGHTENED--!

HUSH, CHILD--! BE GRATEFUL THAT YOU HID BEHIND ME AND ARE STILL ALIVE INSTEAD OF BEING ON BOARD WITH THAT CUTTHROAT!

SUDDENLY, A GIGANTIC BLUE-GREEN WAVE ROSE UP LIKE A MONSTER FROM THE DEEP, AND SWELLED DOWN UPON THEM-!



LUCILLE, CHILD--
LUCILLE-!

OHHH-!

SHE.. SHE
WAS SWEPT
OFF-! POOR
GIRL...

HE DID THIS-! HE
KILLED HER-! HEAR
ME, OH DEVILS OF
THE DEEP-! AVENGE
HER-- SEND HER BACK
SEND HER B...

CATCH HER,
QUICK-! THE
OLD WOMAN'S
IN A TRANCE!



WHILE MARY CARVER LAY IN A DEATH-LIKE COMA,
A STRANGE THING HAD HAPPENED BACK ON
BOARD THE "SALEM QUEEN"...

THIS BRIG'S NOT MOVING-! I WISH
I HADN'T ORDERED THE LADS TO
SAIL OUR OWN SHIP BACK TO
HARBOR.. THERE'S A STORM
ABOUT TO RAGE AN' WE'VE
BEEN BECALMED!

BLIMEY, CAP'N-!
WE'RE IN THE
STORM'S CENTER
NOW.. BUT WE'LL
SOON BE DRIFTING
OUT...



ALL RIGHT, THEN-! TAKE OVER, JEREMY-!
NOW I WANT TO SEE HOW MUCH
SILVER WE TOOK-! HA, HA...

AY, SIR-!



TWO HOURS WENT BY, JEREMY KEPT
WATCH ON DECK WHILE SOUNDS OF
DRUNKEN SINGING WERE COMING FROM
BELOW.. SUDDENLY--

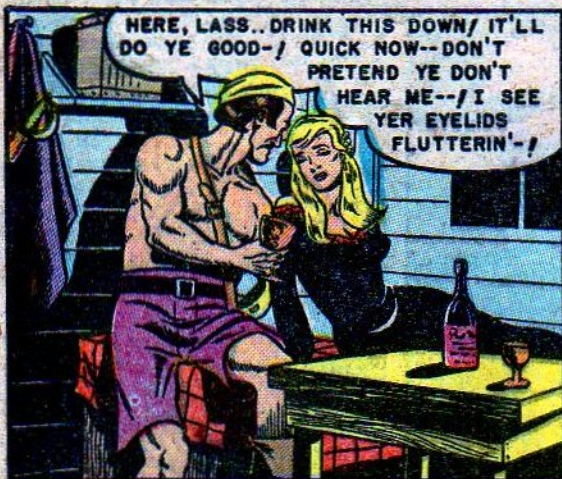
EH? WOT'S THAT? LOOKS LIKE A
BODY OF A GIRL FLOATIN'
STRAIGHT TOWARDS THE SHIP!
AN' SHE SEEMS ALIVE-!

JEREMY LASHED THE HELM. HE PULLED THE STRANGE GIRL
ON BOARD.. WHO WAS SHE? WHERE HAD SHE COME FROM-?

WOT LUCK-! LET THE OTHERS
SWILL DOWN THEIR BILGE!
I GOT THIS WENCH ALL
TO MESELF-! SHE'S A
REAL LOOKER TOO!



STEALTHILY, JEREMY CARRIED THE GIRL TO HIS CABIN. THIS WAS MORE THAN HE HAD EXPECTED ON THIS VOYAGE...



HERE, LASS..DRINK THIS DOWN/ IT'LL DO YE GOOD-/ QUICK NOW--DON'T PRETEND YE DON'T HEAR ME--/ I SEE YER EYELIDS FLUTTERIN'-/

JEREMY BENT DOWN TO RUB SOME WARMTH BACK INTO THOSE ICE-COLD ARMS, SUDDENLY--HER EYES OPENED--AND HE LOOKED INTO INTO TWIN PITS OF-DEATH!

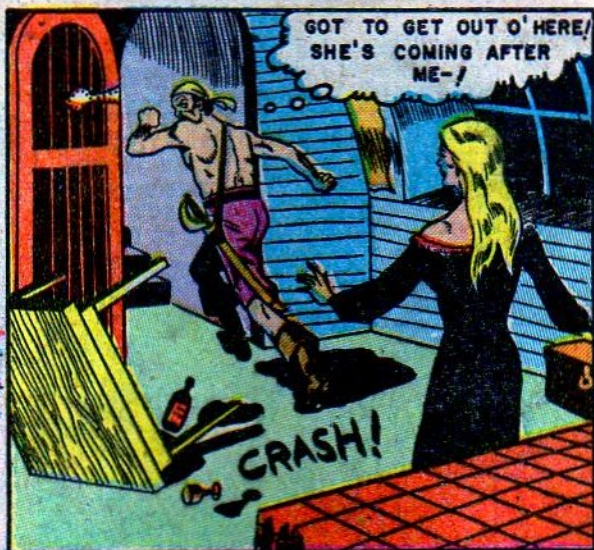


YAAAH/ THEY'RE BLUE-GREEN--LIKE THE SEA--WHY ARE YE STARING AT ME LIKE THAT? Y-YOU'RE RISING UP--

SUDDENLY, JEREMY REALIZED THAT SOMETHING WAS WRONG--HORRIBLY WRONG--! THIS WASN'T A LIVING GIRL--! THIS WAS A CREATURE--FROM THE DEAD!



GET BACK-/ WHAT DO YE WANT? SAY SOMETHING-/ D-DON'T TOUCH ME--!



GOT TO GET OUT O' HERE! SHE'S COMING AFTER ME-/

CRASH!

QUICKLY THE TERROR-STRICKEN MAN RAN ON DECK..BUT JUST AS QUICK WAS THAT PALLID FORM GLIDING SILENTLY, SURELY, OMINOUSLY AFTER HIM--!



YOU'LL NEVER GET ME NOW--! I-- H-HELP-/

THAT WAS JEREMY'S VOICE-/ THE SHARK'S GOT HIM-/

CAST A WEATHER-EYE AVAST! THAT WENCH-- HOW DID SHE GET ON BOARD?



THE MEN RAN UP TO THAT QUIET FIGURE DETERMINED TO CHOKe THE ANSWERS FROM HER LIPS--BUT SOMETHING MADE THEM DRAW BACK...

WHO ARE YE? WHAT HAPPENED TO JEREMY? SAY SOMETHING--!

SHE'S COLD--COLD AS A PIECE OF ICE--! TAKE HER, TO BLACK LUKE.. HE'LL KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH HER!



A FEW MOMENTS LATER...

YOU CAN GO, LADS--! I'VE NO FEAR OF THE WENCH! SIT DOWN, ME PRETTY--DOES THE CAT HAVE YER TONGUE? HA, HA....



HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I TOLD YOU NOT TO BRING THAT CUR WITH YE?

SORRY, CAP'N--! HE NEVER ACTS LIKE THIS--! HE'S SCARED-- SCARED O' HER--!



DON'T MIND HIM! HERE, GIRL--TASTE THIS PORT! IT'LL PUT SOME FIRE IN YOUR VEINS! HA, HA...



S-- SHE KNOCKED OVER THE SALT SHAKER ON THE TABLE--! IT'S AN ILL-OMEN, CAP'N--! SHE'S BAD LUCK--! I...I CAN FEEL IT--I--I'M GETTING OUT O' HERE!

COME BACK HERE, YE SNIVELING RAT--! SERVE THE DISHES AN' DON'T ANNOY ME WITH YER OLD WIFE'S SUPERSTITIONS! SHE'S JUST SHY-- THAT'S ALL--!



THEN--WHERE DOES SHE COME FROM? WHY DOESN'T SHE TALK? WHERE'S JEREMY? WHY IS MY DOG SCARED OF HER?

SHUT YER TRAP, YE MANGEY LUBBER! I'VE HAD ENOUGH O' THIS! I ASK THE QUESTIONS HERE! ALLRIGHT, WENCH-- TALK--!!



BUT THEIR "GUEST"
WAS COLD, SILENT,
AND UNMOVING...

AS THOSE LIPS MET HIS, THE
PIRATE CHIEFTAIN JUMPED WITH
SURPRISE AND HASTILY DREW AWAY
FROM THE COLD FEELING OF DEATH
THAT CREEPT OVER HIM...

I SAID STOP BEING
COY!
KISS ME!

BLAST HER! LIMEX--
CALL THE MEN
INSIDE--HURRY--/ GET
HER OUT O' HERE--!

I--I'M NOT
TOUCHING
HER...

LOOK--! SHE'S
MAKING FOR
THE DECK--!

OH, LORD--!
HER FEET
AREN'T MAKING
ANY SOUNDS
ON THE FLOOR--!
SHE'S ALMOST
GLIDING--!



BLACK LUKE RUSHED UP ON DECK--HIS CHEST HEAVING
WITH UNEXPECTED TENSION--HIS EYES DESPERATELY
SOUGHT OUT THE WEIRD FIGURE IN THE HOWLING
GALE OF WIND AND RAIN--! THEN--!!

BY KIDD'S BONES--! THE GIRL'S AT THE WHEEL/WELL
BE DASHED TO PIECES ON THOSE REEFS--!
HARD OVER AT THE HELM--!
MAKE WAY--OR WE'LL SUP WITH
DAVEY JONES!!
STOP HER!



--CAN'T!--THE
RIGGINGS RIPPED!
WE DON'T HAVE
A CHANCE--!

I KNOW WHO
SHE IS NOW--!
HER CLOTHES ARE
LIKE THOSE OF
THE PEOPLE WE
PUT ON THE RAFT--!
THE WITCH SAID
THEY'D COME BACK--
DON'T TOUCH
HER--SHE'S ONE
OF THEM!



BANG!
BANG!
BANG!!

I'VE FIRED THREE
SHOTS AT IT-- AND
STILL IT KEEPS
COMING--! HELP--
HELP!

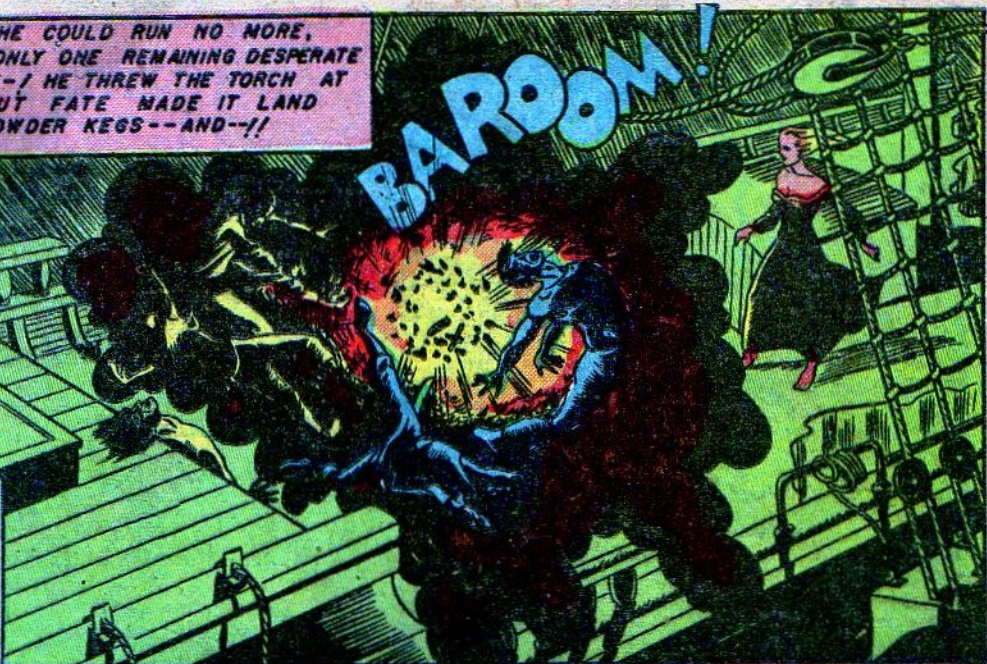


GOT TO
GET
AWAY--!



THEN WHEN HE COULD RUN NO MORE,
LUKE HAD ONLY ONE REMAINING DESPERATE
ALTERNATIVE-! HE THREW THE TORCH AT
THE GIRL BUT FATE MADE IT LAND
ON SOME POWDER KEGS--AND-!!

BARDON!



AT PRECISELY THAT SAME MOMENT ON THE RAFT...

THE SURVIVORS CAUTIOUSLY CLIMBED ABOARD
THE VESSEL AFTER NO ANSWERING VOICE
RETURNED THEIR DESPERATE SHOUTS...

MARY'S COMING
OUT OF HER
TRANCE...

THE FOG'S CLEARING...AND
THE STORM IS DYING DOWN-!
GLORY BE-! THERE'S OUR
SHIP-! HEADING STRAIGHT FOR
US-! A GIRL'S AT THE
HELM!



HEH, HEH... THEY ARE
ALL DEAD- THEY DIDN'T
BELIEVE ME-! THEY
THOUGHT I WAS JUST A
PRATTLING
OLD WOMAN...

GOOD
HEAVENS!
THE POWDER
KEG MUST
HAVE
EXPLODED!



AS THEY STEPPED OVER THE
SMOKING HULKS OF WHAT
ONCE WERE MEN, THE
SHOCKED SURVIVORS SAW
A CHILLING SIGHT!

BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND--!
WHAT--HOW--WHO--?

LUCILLE-! SHE'S LYING AT
THE HELM--! B-BUT HOW DID
SHE GET HERE-? IT CAN'T
BE!

THERE ARE SOME THINGS
BETTER LEFT UNSAID AND
UNEXPLAINED! LUCILLE
COULD NOT TELL YOU ANY-
THING--EVEN IF SHE WERE
ALIVE!

DO NOT TOUCH HER!
YES, IT IS LUCILLE.

YOU MEAN-- SHE--
SHE'S--DEAD?



YES! LUCILLE IS DEAD.
SHE GAVE US BACK OUR
SHIP TO SAIL TO HARBOR.
SHE MUST REST IN PEACE!
LET US CAST HER BACK
INTO THE SEA AND
PRAY.



THE END

RETURN FROM THE DEAD!

ALIVE, MATTY WAS A THORN IN TOM COPPLE'S SIDE, BUT NOW TOM'S PATH WAS CLEAR, FOR MATTY WAS DEAD! AND DEAD MEN CAN'T COME BACK TO HARRY THE LIVING CURSES SPAT BETWEEN THE BLOOD WET LIPS OF A DYING MAN HAVE NO MEANING --- OR HAVE THEY?.. THIS IS A CHARMING LITTLE TALE OF A MAN WHO MADE A **GRAVE** MISTAKE... HEH, HEH, HEH...



SPRING HAS COME TO COALVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA, AND WITH IT COMES FLOWERS, BIRDS AND THOUGHTS OF

LOVE! IT'S WONDERFUL, MATTY, WHY DON'T YOU GET YOURSELF A GIRL FRIEND AND MARRY HER? LOOK AT ME, I'VE NEVER BEEN SO HAPPY SINCE I MET RUTH!

ER... AH... YEAH. I.. AH... GOT TO GO, TOM. SO LONG-- SEE YOU AT THE MINE.



POOR GUY... I THINK HE'S AFRAID OF GIRLS!... WELL, I CAN'T WORRY ABOUT HIM. I'VE GOT A BIG NIGHT AHEAD OF ME BEFORE I GO ON THE LATE SHIFT!







ARE YOU SURE THIS IS A SHORT CUT TO THE MINE?

IT IS A SHORT CUT... BUT I DIDN'T SAY TO WHAT!



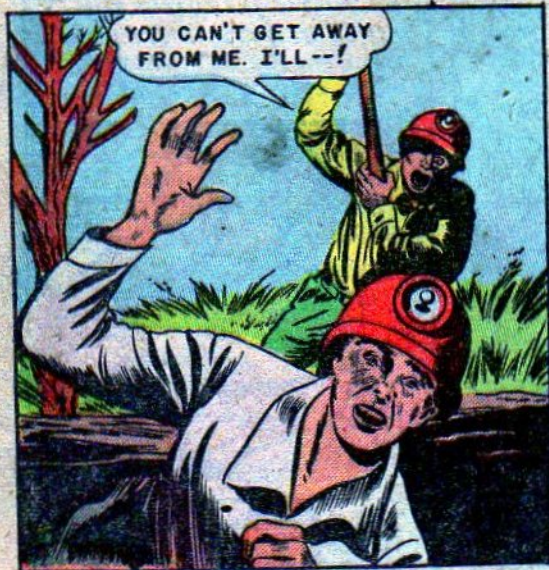
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING AB--- TOM! A- ARE Y-YOU CRAZY?

YEAH, SURE I'M CRAZY... CRAZY NOT TO HAVE FIGURED YOU OUT SOONER, BUT I'LL FIX THAT---



NOW!!

NO, NO! Y-YOU'RE CRAZY!



YOU CAN'T GET AWAY FROM ME. I'LL --!



SUDDENLY, FATE TAKES A HAND IN THE MAD CHASE... MATT FALLS INTO AN OLD MINE SHAFT...

AAAAARRRH! I'M FALLING!



TOM! MY OLD FRIEND! FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE TELL ME THIS IS ALL A JOKE! HELP ME! I CAN'T HOLD ON!

HELP YOU! YOU STOLE MY BELOVED RUTH, AND I SHOULD HELP YOU?



I'LL HELP YOU... DIE!! I'LL WATCH WHILE YOU SLIP!

CURSE YOU— YOU WILL NEVER GET RUTH! AAAARRFF!

HE'S DEAD! THE FALL TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS OLD MINE SHAFT KILLED HIM! THINGS COULDN'T BE BETTER THAN IF I PLANNED THEM THIS WAY! EVEN A DEEP GRAVE TO BURY HIM IN. HA HA HA HA!



WITH HIS RIVAL DEAD, LIFE TOOK ON A NEW MEANING FOR TOM COPPLE. WITH SPRINGY STEP AND LIGHT HEART, HE PROCEEDED TO THE MINE...



HA HA HA! THE MISERABLE FOOL! AS HE FELL HE CURSED ME. HE SAID THAT IF HE COULDN'T HAVE RUTH, NEITHER COULD I! THAT'S RICH! HA HA HA HA!

WITH MATTY OUT OF THE WAY, TOM'S PATH TO WINNING THE LOVE OF RUTH WAS SMOOTH. SEVERAL WEEKS LATER...

RUTH, DEAREST, WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO BREAK DOWN AND MARRY ME?

I... I DON'T KNOW, TOM.



IS IT THAT YOU STILL REMEMBER MATTY? HE WALKED OUT ON YOU, RUTH! DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND? MATTY NEVER LOVED YOU THE WAY I DO!

I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT, TOM.... HE'D NEVER HAVE DISAPPEARED THE WAY HE DID IF HE CARED FOR ME THE WAY HE SAID HE DID.



THEN YOU WILL FORGET HIM! YOU WILL MARRY ME!

I'LL MARRY YOU, TOM. I NEVER WANT TO SEE MATTY AGAIN, OR ANYTHING CONNECTED WITH HIM. HERE! TAKE THIS PICK! IT BELONGED TO MATTY. I DON'T WANT IT HERE.



AHA! EVERYTHING I DREAMED OF... EVERYTHING I PLANNED... EVERYTHING HAS WORKED OUT PERFECTLY. TONIGHT I DIG COAL WITH THIS PICK WHICH USED TO BE MATTY'S! THIS PICK IS MINE JUST AS RUTH IS NOW MINE. HA HA HA HA!



WONDER WHAT'S EATIN' TOM COPPLE? LOOKIT HIM JAWING TO HIMSELF! LAUGHIN' AWAY AND EVERTHING!

LOOKS LIKE HE'S ENJOYIN' A BIG JOKE.



I CAN HARDLY WAIT FOR THE WORK SHIFT TO BE OVER SO I CAN GO BACK TO MY RUTH... MY RUTH... ALL MINE...



SUDDENLY, AS TOM SWUNG THE PICK, WHICH HAD ONCE BELONGED TO MATTY, IN A POWERFUL BLOW UPON THE COAL DEPOSITS...

OOOOPS!
THE HEAD OF THE PICK FLEW OFF!



THE PICK-HEAD HAS CRACKED THE OVERHEAD BEAM! T-THE WHOLE CEILING IS GIVING WAY!
YAAAA AAA!



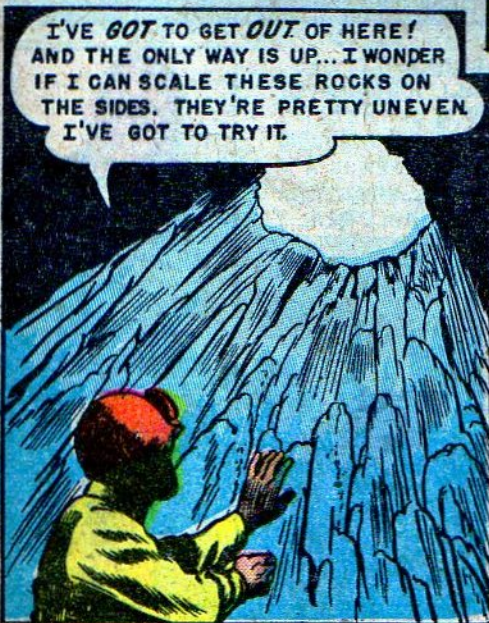
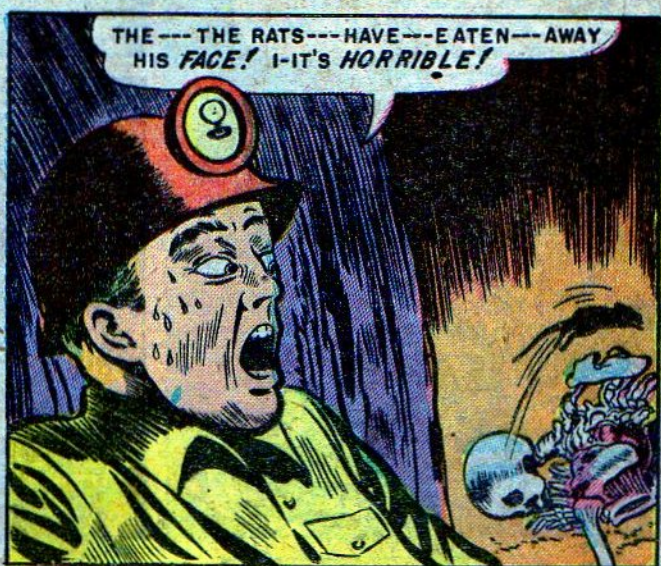
FOR A LONG WHILE, TOM LAY UNCONSCIOUS BENEATH THE SHOWER OF ROCK AND COAL... AND THEN HE MOVED!

OOOOHH, MY HEAD!
WHERE AM-- I REMEMBER NOW... THE HEAD JUMPED OFF MATTY'S PICK... THE BEAM... GAVE-IN...



I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE SOMEHOW!... WAIT! THERE IS A WAY OUT! THIS CRACK! AND I CAN FEEL A DRAUGHT THROUGH IT!





EVEN AS TOM LOOKED
AT THE CORPSE...AN
INCREDIBLE THING
HAPPENED!

IT DID
MOVE!



CLUMSILY, THE THING THAT WAS ONCE THE LIVING
BODY OF MATTY BRAW GOT TO IT'S MUTILATED STUMPS
WHICH SERVED IT FOR FEET. HERE AND THERE BITS OF
RAW FLESH STILL CLUNG TO THE BONE, WHERE THE
RATS HAD NOT YET HAD TIME TO FINISH THEIR GRISLY
MEAL. THIS WAS THE GRUESOME THING WHICH REACHED
FOR TOM COPPLE!

EEEEEEEEEEYAA!



I'LL CLIMB...I'LL GET AWAY...
I'LL... IT'S G-GOT ME! EEEEE!
NO--NO NO!



MAT! LET ME GO, LET
ME GO! PLEASE!



ESCAPE WAS IMPOSSIBLE FOR
TOM...HE WAS TRAPPED. HIS
YELLS BECAME ECHOES OF
"RUTH--RUTH"--BUT THERE
WAS NO ANSWER. IT WAS ONLY A
MATTER OF TIME BEFORE TOM MUST
TIRE OF AVOIDING THE RELENTLESS
CORPSE AND THE CURSE OF THE
DYING MATTY WOULD BE FULFILLED.

IF I CAN'T HAVE RUTH, MATTY HAD
SAID, NEITHER SHALL YOU! AND THE
RATS IN THE BOTTOM OF THE OLD
MINE SHAFT WATCHED THE AVENGING
CORPSE HUG ITS MURDERER IN A
MUTE WALTZ OF DEATH...IMPATIENTLY
AWAITING THEIR INEVITABLE MEAL...



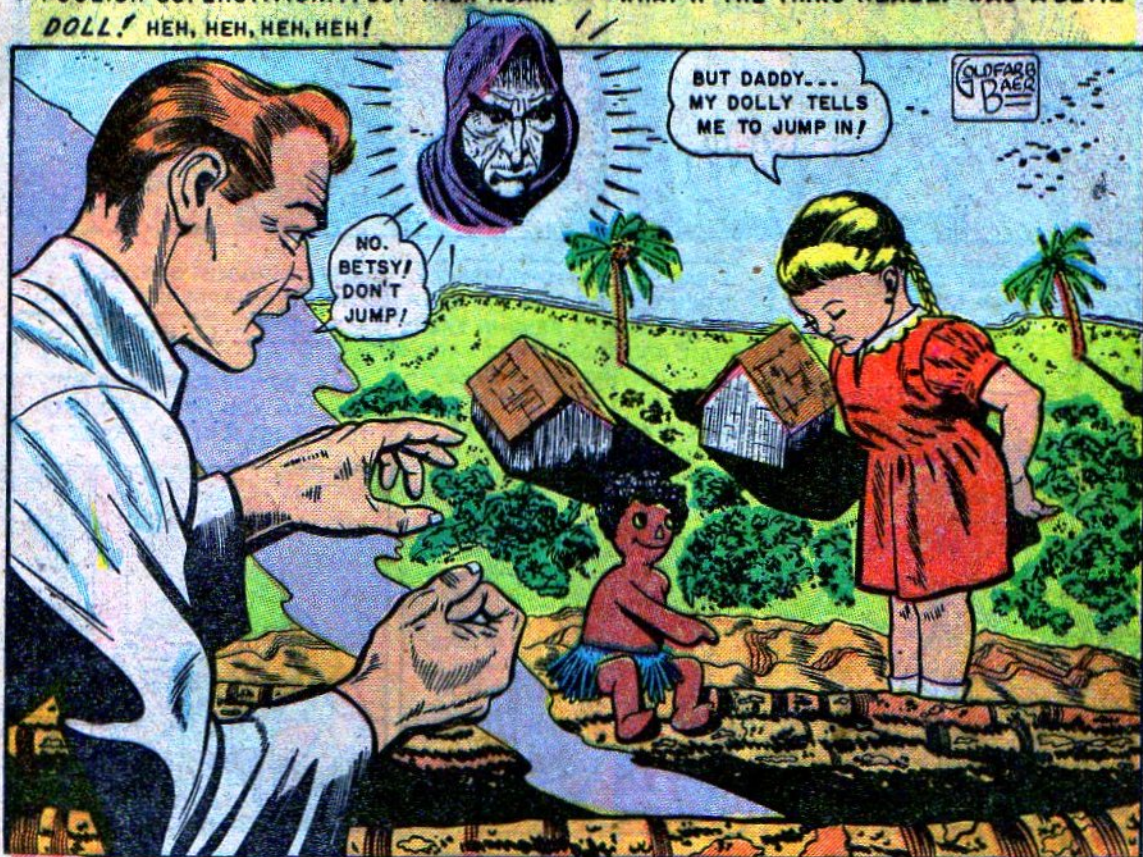
A GUTE TALE,
ISN'T IT?
HOPE YOU
ENJOYED IT--
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ANGER OF THE DEVIL

IT WAS ONLY A NATIVE DOLL MADE OF WOOD AND STRAW, AND YET, THERE WAS SOMETHING ABOUT IT WHICH SEEMED TO BE EVIL. PERHAPS THE MISFORTUNES WHICH HAPPENED AROUND THE TOY WERE JUST GOINCIDENCES... PERHAPS ROBERT MCINTYRE'S FEARS WERE CAUSED BY FOOLISH SUPERSTITION... BUT THEN AGAIN --- WHAT IF THE THING *REALLY WAS A DEVIL DOLL!* HEH, HEH, HEH, HEH!



ROBERT MCINTYRE, AMERICAN GEOLOGIST, INTRUDED UPON A STRANGE CEREMONY WHILE STUDYING LAVA ROCK FORMATIONS ON A PACIFIC ISLAND...



BUT SUDDENLY...

SPY!

THAT
NATIVE HAS
SEEN ME!

I'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE FAST ! IF I CAN
REACH MY HOUSE, I'LL BE SAFE!

YOU MAY ESCAPE NOW— BUT GOLA
SIVA WILL TAKE VENGEANCE!

ROBERT! WHAT'S
THE MATTER?

(GASP)... GET...
INSIDE THE
HOUSE!

DADDY!

I SAW THE DEVIL-WORSHIP
CEREMONY! I-I COULDN'T HELP
IT! I TURNED A BEND IN THE
TRAIL AND THERE THEY WERE,
ALL CHANTING *GOLA SIVA*!
THAT'S WHAT THE NATIVES
CALL THE VOLCANO! THEY
THREW SOME POOR ISLANDER
INTO THE CRATER!

I KNEW
THE
NATIVES
WOULD
TRY TO
GET ME...
BUT
HOW?

DESPITE ROBERT'S FEARS
NOTHING HAPPENED. SEVERAL
DAYS LATER...

I HAD A WON-
DERFUL PIECE OF LUCK TODAY,
DEAR. DO YOU REMEMBER MY
TELLING YOU HOW HARD IT IS
TO GET HELP IN THE HOUSE?

WELL, TODAY I HIRED A WONDER-
FUL NATIVE GIRL. SHE JUST
CAME AND ASKED FOR A JOB.
HERE SHE COMES NOW. HER
NAME IS NAGANA...

DADDY, LOOK AT MY
NEW DOLLY...
NAGANA GAVE IT
TO ME.

YES... NAGANA CAME INTO OUR
LIVES...

NAGANA TOLD ME THE DOLLY
WOULD TALK TO ME IF I
PROMISED TO LISTEN TO
HIM.

THAT'S NONSENSE,
BETSY. NAGANA WAS
JUST FOOLING YOU.

BUT DOLLY *DOES* TALK TO ME.
DOLLY TOLD ME YOU WERE A
BAD DADDY. *DOLLY SAYS IT
HATES YOU!*

STOP IT,
BETSY!

I DON'T CARE! DOLLY DOES TALK! DOLLY DOES TALK!



I HATE TO PUNISH THE CHILD, BUT A LIE IS A LIE... OH... ER... NAGANA! JUST A MOMENT! I WANT TO TALK TO YOU!



NAGANA, THOSE STORIES YOU FILL THE CHILD'S HEAD WITH ABOUT THE DOLL TALKING... WELL YOU UNDERSTAND. YOU HEARD HER SAY THE DOLL HATED ME. WE CAN'T HAVE HER THINKING THOSE THINGS...



THE NATIVE DID NOT ANSWER, BUT ROBERT WAS SURE SHE UNDERSTOOD. SHE TURNED AND LEFT, LEAVING HIM ALONE IN THE ROOM... ALONE WITH HIS THOUGHTS, AND THE DOLL!

HOW COULD BETSY IMAGINE SUCH A THING AS THE DOLL SAYING THAT IT HATED ME! HMPH! AND YET... THE BLASTED THING ALMOST DOES LOOK AS IF IT COULD TALK... AND HATE!



AS ROBERT WALKED TOWARD HIS WIFE WITH THE POWERFUL ACID...

LOOK OUT! THE ACID...

SOMETHING GRABBED ME / IT HELD MY ARM... SOMETHING STRANGE... WEIRD...

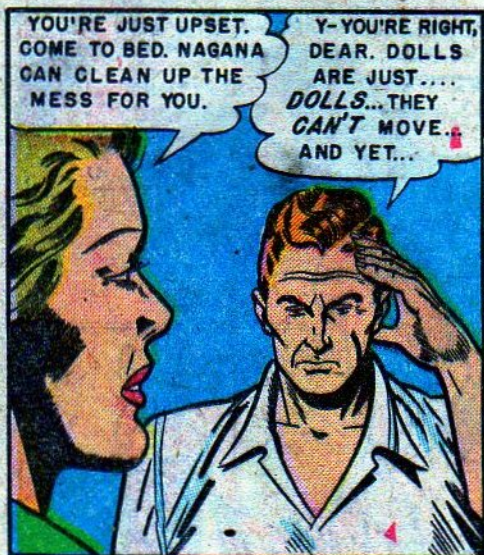
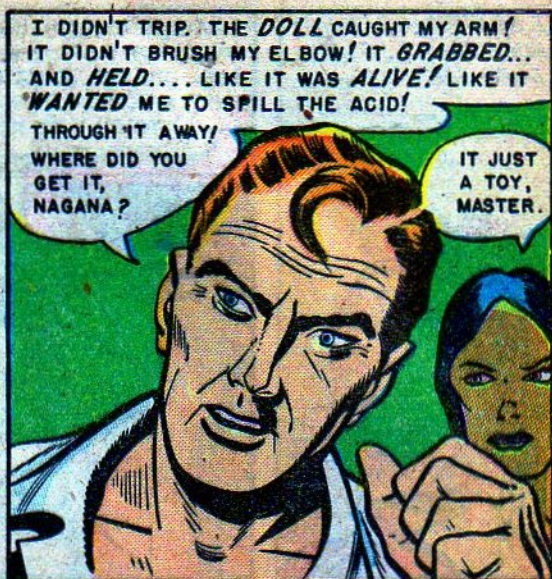


I'LL BE GLAD WHEN YOUR GEOLOGICAL SURVEY IS COMPLETE, DEAR. A TROPICAL ISLAND IS NO PLACE TO BRING UP OUR DAUGHTER!

YES, I KNOW...



RIC ACID



ACID HAD BEEN SPILLED, BUT NO DAMAGE HAD BEEN DONE EVEN SO, SLEEP WAS IMPOSSIBLE FOR ROBERT MCINTYRE. ALL HE COULD THINK OF WAS DOLLS... DOLLS HATING... DOLLS GRASPING AND HANGING ON LIKE LIVE THINGS...



B-BUT WHAT IS THE DOLL DOING OUT HERE! AFTER I SPILLED THAT NITRIC ACID, I PUT THE DOLL IN THE LIBRARY!



NAGANA! WHERE'S NAGANA? I'VE GOT A FEW QUESTIONS I WANT TO ASK HER! SHE'S GONE! HER BED HASN'T BEEN SLEPT IN AND THERE'S NO SIGN OF HER IN THE HOUSE!



DO YOU SUPPOSE IT WAS SHE WHO I...HAVE...NO... SET THE FIRE? IDEA...I'M TOO GIVE ME MY DOLLY, DADDY, CONFUSED TO EVEN THINK STRAIGHT.



NO, NO! IT'S A THING OF EVIL! I'M GOING TO DESTROY IT! IT MADE ME SPILL THE ACID! IT TRIED TO BURN THIS HOUSE. IT HAS PROBABLY DONE SOMETHING WITH NAGANA!

STOP IT! WHAT NON-SENSE ARE YOU SAYING? YOU GIVE THAT TOY TO THE CHILD THIS MINUTE!



THIS HOUSE HAS HAD ENOUGH EXCITEMENT FOR ONE NIGHT. LET'S ALL GET TO BED. COMING, DEAR?

N-NO. I THINK I'LL SIT HERE FOR A WHILE.



SOMETHING WAS WRONG IN THAT HOUSE. SOMETHING HAD BEEN WRONG EVER SINCE THAT ACCURSED DOLL HAD BEEN BROUGHT THERE BY NAGANA. AND YET, EVEN AS ROBERT'S SOUL GRIED OUT THAT THE DOLL WAS THE WORKER OF ALL THE EVILS WHICH HAD BESET THEM, HIS MIND KEPT INSISTING, "WHAT CAN A PLAYTOY DOLL DO!"



ROBERT SAT THERE, STARING AT THE MYSTERIOUS DOLL AND SUNK IN HIS THOUGHTS WHEN SUDDENLY...

WAS IT REALITY... OR WAS IT A DREAM?

WH--TH--THE CHIEF OF THE DEVIL-WORSHIPPERS! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?



YOU WHO HAVE ESCAPED US ONCE SHALL NOT ESCAPE THE WRATH OF OUR DEVIL-GOD AGAIN! SEIZE HIM!



THE DOLL IS KING! WE SHALL BE THROWN INTO GOLA SIVA VOLCANO!



NO! NO! KILL ME BUT SPARE MY WIFE AND CHILD! NO! NO!

NO! NO... OH! THANK HEAVEN I WAS DREAMING! I MUST HAVE DOZED OFF IN THE... BETSY! WHERE'S BETSY?



MYRNA! WHERE'S THE BABY?

BETSY? WH- WHY I DON'T KNOW! ISN'T SHE IN BED?



SHE'S NOT IN THE HOUSE! WHERE CAN SHE BE? BETSY! BETSY, DARLING!



THE CHILD WAS NOT IN THE HOUSE. FRANTICALLY, ROBERT RAN OUTSIDE THE HOUSE IN HIS SEARCH AND SAW SOMETHING WHICH SENT HIS SENSES REELING!

MY BABY'S FOOT PRINTS IN THE MUD... WALKING UP THE TRAIL! AND THOSE OTHER LITTLE MARKS LOOK LIKE THEY MAY BE MADE BY THE FEET OF... A DOLL! GOOD HEAVENS



THEY'RE HEADED FOR GOLA SIVA!

THERE'S BETSY! A- AND THAT CURSED FIEND IN THE FORM OF A DOLL! BETSY!

I REALIZED THE DOLL WAS THE AWFUL VENGEANCE OF THE DEVIL WORSHIPPERS! A VOODOO DOLL!!





IN DESPERATION, ROBERT MADE A DIVING GRAB FOR HIS BABY AND SUCCEEDED! IN STOPPING THE PLUNGE.



AND AS ROBERT RAISED THE DOLL ALOFT PRIOR TO DASHING IT INTO THE FIERY BOWELS OF THE VOLCANO CALLED GOLA SIVA, THE TOY SUDDENLY BECAME ALIVE... A SQUIRMING, BITING, FOUL-MOUTHED CREATURE OF SATAN!



AND ALL THAT KEPT ROBERT AND HIS WIFE FROM GOING COMPLETELY MAD WAS THE REALIZATION THAT THE DOLL OF DEATH WAS DESTROYED AND THEIR LIVES WERE SAFE...



GHOST OF THE MIST

By ELLEN LYNN

DEATH is the Great Mystery, the fearful Unknown. People never cease wondering about the Hereafter. Where do our loved ones go? Do they ever return to this earth? There are endless tales of spirits who have come back after death, legends of ghosts. People tremble at them; I don't. My story is a strange one—but I can never again be afraid of death.

When Jessica Stevens invited me to her party on Saturday night, I refused. My family had moved to North Bay only a short while before and this was the first party invitation I had received. She had asked me to bring an escort and there wasn't a boy in town I knew well enough to ask. Besides, I never cared for parties as a rule. Yet something kept urging me to go to Jessica's Saturday. Even my parents pressed me to call Jessica and ask if I could come alone. Dad bribed me to go, saying I could have his car that evening.

Everything seemed to conspire to alter my decision. On Friday afternoon, as I was coming out of Arnold's Store, I bumped into Jessica. "Oh, Dru," she exclaimed, "I thought you were going out of town with your family this weekend!" "Our plans were changed," I managed to say. "Well, then, you must come to my party," she informed me. "My brother, Jim, is coming in tomorrow and I need another girl. Say you'll come!" I agreed.

It was raining as I drove alone in my car to the Stevens house. The air was warm and I had a keyed-up sense of anticipation. Why had I not let Jessica's brother call for me? When she telephoned to arrange that he pick me up, I made an excuse. I really wanted to drive out, alone. There was something eerie in the misty rain. I continually looked around—I don't know why—as though looking for someone. When I arrived at the house and entered the room it was full of chattering, laughing girls and boys. I had an impulse to turn quickly away and run out of the house. Just then

a young man came up to me. "I'm Jim Stevens," he said. "You must be the new girl—Dru—is that right?" "My name is Drucie Fleming," I answered. "Everyone calls me Dru." He walked with me to a chair and we sat down. He tried to make conversation, but I felt restless, distracted as though someone else was calling me, wanting me and so I could think of nothing to say in return. I'd answer a question and then we'd both fall silent. Eventually, I knew, he would try to escape—and he did. I felt restless sitting alone. I felt compelled to go out into the fresh air. Finally, I found Jessica, pleaded a bad headache and made my escape before she could answer.

The rain had stopped, but I had to grope my way through a thick mist to my car. I sat for a moment at the wheel and heaved a sigh. Why had I felt compelled to run away? Jim was a handsome fellow, very pleasant—why couldn't I be interested in him? It was good to be here, away from that thick atmosphere—so many strangers, all talking at once. I'd have to drive very slowly in this thick fog. Visions of the party floated through my mind—distorted shapes—grinning faces! Then suddenly, looming up in front of the car, I saw a dimly outlined figure, arms outstretched! I came to an abrupt stop to avoid running him down. A pale lamp light glowed on a man in some kind of a uniform. For a moment I thought—Was this a phantom, something out of my imagination? Then he moved over to my window, and I was strangely afraid. "Stop, stop—don't go on. There's a bridge down ahead. You'll have to detour!" he spoke softly but excitedly. "Oh—thank you!" I said. His worried expression relaxed. Even, white teeth gave charm to a boyish smile. He was wearing an army uniform. "Don't be afraid," he said. "I'm Stephen Lockridge. I live on White Shore Road. You seem confused. Shall I come in and guide you out of here?" His hand was on the door-knob. I leaned over and raised the lock. A blast of wind shot through as the door opened. He sat beside me

and I could see he was strangely good-looking. His eyes looked directly into mine, though they seemed unusually brilliant. "You're not very talkative, are you? You're not afraid of me?" He asked both questions at once. I said, "No—I'm not—to both questions." We laughed.

"Please don't be afraid of me," he said, "but this is awful weather for so pretty a girl to be out alone. And to be stopped by a stranger must be frightening." I peered out the window. "I see I am lost," I said. He leaned close to me and gave directions, advising that I drive in low gear—the fog was growing thicker and we were a long way from my house.

"Funny—my not being afraid," I said. "Usually I'm the most timid person in the world." "You could have been killed, if you hadn't stopped," he said. "But it's not your time yet." His voice was musically soft, comforting—yet what a strange remark. I replied, "Yes, I might have lost my life but for you." I turned to look into those shining eyes. They seemed to be looking through me and far away. He wasn't smiling now.

"I've just come from a party—I ran away!" I don't know what made me blurt out this confession. He answered, "Parties can be bores." "The truth is," I went on, "I'm afraid I was the bore." It didn't seem unnatural when he placed his hand over my fingers—"No girl as pretty as you could be a bore." I then said, "Somehow—now—I'm glad I left that party."

I didn't notice time, nor even where we were going. We drove and drove. He was mostly silent. At one time I had to stop the car to wait for a heavy mass of fog to thin out. It was like being in another world of grey mist. I was happy. I didn't want it to end. Then, without warning, we were in front of my house. I stopped the car. My free hand was clasped in his. He lifted my fingers and kissed them. His lips were cold. "This ring, Dru, is this your school ring? I must leave now, you know. Would you—would you let me wear it? This ride has been wonderful. Knowing you has been wonderful." I took off the ring and as I leaned over he held me in his arms and kissed me. Suddenly, I shivered. "Stephen, the dampness, you're so cold. I'll see you soon again. Meanwhile, take this ring. Yes, I

want you to keep it." Then he stepped out of the car, and walked silently away, the mist enveloping him. His cap was left on the seat. He had forgotten it.

It took me a long time to warm up—but I tingled with happiness, slept all night and next morning rushed to the telephone book. There was a Lockridge on White Shore Road. I picked up the receiver and asked to speak to Stephen. I heard a gasp, and a woman's voice said she was Mrs. Lockridge. She asked who I was. "Dru Fleming," I answered. "Will you tell Stephen, please, that I have his cap. He left it in my car." Mrs. Lockridge asked me if I was sure it was Stephen Lockridge whom I meant. When I told her briefly the events of the previous evening, she still sounded puzzled—begged me to come over at once. I thought of Stephen's charming face, appealing smile. My heart was beating rapidly as I drove out to his home. It was Sunday and both his father and mother greeted me. They were tense, nervous.

"Miss Fleming—are you sure of what you told us over the 'phone?" Mrs. Lockridge began, as we were all seated. I showed them Stephen's hat. It was my turn to be puzzled by these questions. The father handed me an opened telegram. It said that the body of their son, Stephen Lockridge, who had been killed in action two months before, would arrive at North Bay on Saturday, the sixteenth—yesterday! I gasped.

"Oh—I'm sorry about your son," I cried. "But there is a mistake. The boy last night, out of the mist, is someone else!"

Mr. Lockridge held out the cap I had brought and showed me on the inner band the printed name: Stephen Lockridge. "But it cannot be—it cannot be," I protested. Then Mr. Lockridge said, "Will you come with us to see our son at the Chapel?" I nodded and we silently left the house. As we walked up the chapel steps I was clenching my hands so hard I later found little wounds where my nails had dug into the skin. With dread of what I might see, I approached the bier, Stephen's parents on each side of me.

I screamed. "It's he—look he's wearing—my ring!" I fell in a faint.

THE MANIKINS of DEATH!

CONRAD LEBARON WAS THE GREATEST MANIKIN DESIGNER IN THE WORLD, AND THOSE WHO SAW HIS CREATIONS SWORE THEY WERE ALMOST ALIVE! BUT THEIR SURPRISE...AND HORROR...WOULD HAVE BEEN EVEN GREATER IF HAD THEY KNOWN THAT THESE MANIKINS WERE...
"MANIKINS OF DEATH!"



THIS STORY OF TERROR BEGINS AT THE FUNERAL OF THE WORLD-RENOWNED BALLERINA, ANNA TAVLOVA... MANY PEOPLE HAD COME TO PAY THEIR LAST RESPECTS. PEOPLE LIKE GEORGE HASTINGS, THE DEPARTMENT STORE KING, AND CONRAD LEBARON, THE GREAT MANIKIN DESIGNER...

I AM STILL A LOVER OF BEAUTY...OF ALL PEOPLE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

I AM STILL A LOVER OF BEAUTY, EVEN IF DEAD, MR. HASTINGS... LOOK AT HER... SO YOUNG...



YES...WHAT A PITY! ALMOST TOO BEAUTIFUL TO LIVE! ALMOST AS BEAUTIFUL AS YOUR MANIKINS! LEBARON...I KNOW THIS ISN'T THE PLACE...BUT COULD YOU SEE ME TOMORROW? HERE'S MY CARD!

THANK YOU...I WILL. NOW...IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME...I MUST PAY MY RESPECTS TO THE COUSIN OF THE DECEASED!



CONRAD LEBARON MADE HIS WAY THROUGH THE SADDENED THROG TO MEET AN EXQUISITELY-ATTRACTIVE GIRL. SHE WAS REGINA WALTERS, THE FAMOUS SINGER...

I'M CONRAD LEBARON, MISS WALTERS..I NEVER KNEW YOUR COUSIN-- BUT I ADMIRER HER FROM AFAR. GAZE ON THAT MARVELOUS FACE.. TRACE THE LOVELY CONTOURS OF HER SCULPTURED BODY... WHY SHOULD DEATH HAVE HER?

IT WAS JUST A FEW DAYS AGO I SPOKE TO HER...

COME, MY DEAR..SHE IS AT PEACE..DON'T THINK OF HER IN ANY OTHER WAY! NOW-- I MUST TAKE LEAVE..I CANNOT BEAR TO SEE HER BURIED...

THANK YOU, MR. LEBARON..I SHALL REMEMBER YOUR KIND WORDS-- ALWAYS...

THAT NEXT MORNING, CONRAD STOOD INSIDE HASTINGS' OFFICE WITHIN A NEW DEPARTMENT STORE THAT WAS JUST NEARING COMPLETION...

I'VE ADMIRER YOUR WORK FOR YEARS, LEBARON. WHAT LUCK THAT I MET YOU *THERE* YESTER-DAY! I'M DYING TO KNOW JUST *HOW* YOU CAN MAKE YOUR MANIKINS SO LIFE-LIKE.. SO BEAUTIFUL!

THAT WILL HAVE TO REMAIN MY SECRET! HA, HA.. SUFFICE TO SAY--YOU ARE PLEASED?

PLEASED? I'M SPEECHLESS WITH WONDER AT YOUR CREATIONS! I WANT YOU TO MAKE ME A MANIKIN FOR MY NEW BEAUTY SALON BUT MAKE HER BEAUTIFUL!

YOU CAN DECIDE MY FEE WHEN YOU SEE IT! BUT YOUR ENTHUSIASM WON'T BE UNFOUNDED, I ASSURE YOU..THIS MANIKIN WILL BE AS BEAUTIFUL AS TAVLOVA!

SO THAT NIGHT, AT THE GRAVE OF ANNA TAVLOVA, A STRANGE FIGURE, AFTER DIGGING UP THE COFFIN, RIPPED OFF THE LID. HE WAS CONRAD LEBARON!!

AH... THERE YOU ARE, MY BEAUTY! SO VACANT-EYED... SO VIBRANT... SO GORGED WITH DEATH!!

SO THAT WAS LEBARON'S SECRET! YES, HIS WONDROUS CREATIONS CAME FROM THE DEAD!

AT LAST-- YOU'RE MINE, ANNA--MINE! I'VE WAITED AN ETERNITY TO CAPTURE YOUR BEAUTY! HA, HA...

THREE DAYS LATER, THE NEW DEPARTMENT STORE OPENED... REGINA WALTERS HAD BEEN INVITED TO SING AT THE RECEPTION...

"NIGHT AND DAY... YOU ARE THE ONE..."



SHE SANG HER FAVORITE TUNE...

AND WHILE SHE WAS BEING CONGRATULATED, A VERY IMPATIENT HASTINGS WAS TALKING TO CONRAD...

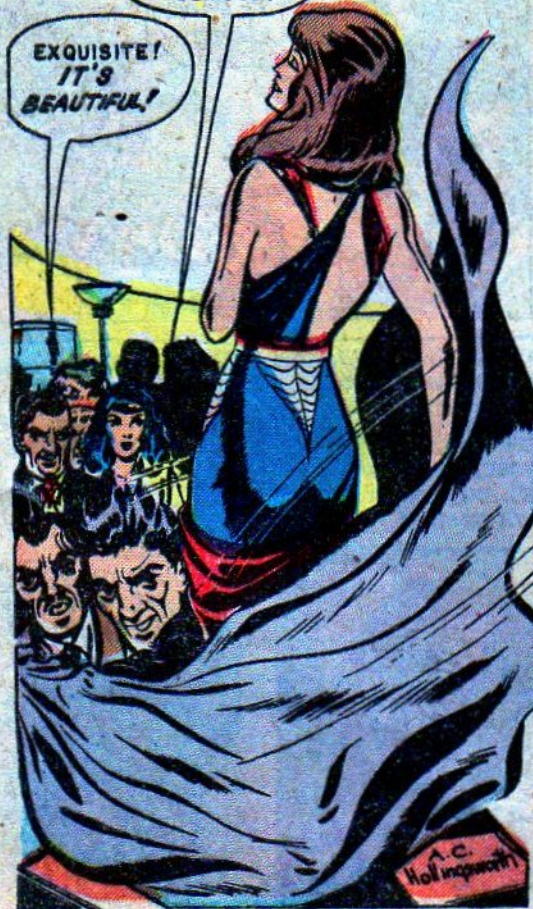
AH... SHE IS A NIGHTINGALE... WHAT A MAGNIFICENT VOICE!

YES... YES... I'M SURE SHE HAS...! LEBARON... I'M ANXIOUS TO SEE THE NEW MANIKIN CREATION NOW!!!



WELL THEN... BEHOLD!

EXQUISITE! IT'S BEAUTIFUL!



SUDDENLY, THE LARGE ASSEMBLAGE WAS DUMB WITH AWE! STARING AT THEM ON ITS PEDESTAL OF GLASS AND GOLD, WAS A LIFE-SIZED REPLICA OF-- ANNA TAVLOVA!

IT... IT CAN'T BE...! BUT IT IS... ANNA!



LEBARON... I'M THRILLED BEYOND WORDS... YOU MUST MAKE ANOTHER ONE FOR ME SOON! THIS WEEK!

I SHALL!! AND THE NEXT CREATION WILL PLEASE YOU EVEN MORE!

PLEASE, MR. LEBARON--- WAIT!



BUT THE GREAT DESIGNER STRODE SWIFTLY FROM THE ROOM. REGINA WAS WILD WITH CURIOSITY! THAT MANIKIN OF ANNA HAD BEEN SO LIFE-LIKE... SO DETAILED... SHE **HAD** TO SEE HIM... ALONE... THAT NIGHT...

I'VE RUNG THE BELL THREE TIMES... NO ONE ANSWERS... BUT HE **MUST** BE INSIDE! I HEAR SOUNDS... I'LL... WHAT...! THE DOOR IS OPEN...



REGINA FOLLOWED THE SOUNDS TO THE CELLAR. SHE WENT DOWN THE RICKETY STEPS... A MUSTY ODOR OF FOUL AIR WAFTED TOWARDS HER NOSTRILS... BEFORE HER WAS A STUDIO THAT WAS COLD AND DANK...!

WHAT A **STRANGE** PLACE... I... I'D BETTER LEAVE...



BUT JUST AS SHE TURNED TO GO, HER EYES SPOTTED A STILL FIGURE... A FIGURE WHOSE FLESH WAS MOULDERING AND MELTING FROM ITS GRUMBLING FRAMEWORK OF BONE... **AND THE BLOOD FROZE IN HER VEINS!**

OH!!



TERRIFIED BY WHAT SHE SAW, REGINA TRIED TO APPEAR CALM...

AH! SO YOU HAVE COME!

I... I HAD TO SEE YOU... TO FIND IF YOU COULD GIVE ME A SMALL REPLICA OF ANNA TO KEEP... IT WAS SO B... BEAUTIFUL! THE DOOR WAS UNLOCKED... I... HEARD YOU DOWN HERE!



NOW THAT YOU'RE HERE... YOU MAY AS WELL SEE MY LATEST CREATION... IT IS VERY TRUE TO LIFE, IS IT NOT?

WHY... IT'S **ME!** OH PLEASE... I I... I'M FRIGHTENED OF IT... IT LOOKS SO... SO **WEIRD!**



OF COURSE, IT ISN'T FINISHED YET... BUT IT WILL BE... YES... **VERY SOON!**

W-WHAT DO YOU MEAN?



I MEAN THAT YOU SHALL HAVE TO POSE FOR ME... **LIKE ANNA.** DID YOU THINK I COULD LET YOU LIVE AFTER YOU DISCOVERED MY SECRET OF MIXING THE **MATERIALS** OF MY MODELS' BODIES WITH THESE PAINT INGREDIENTS?

Y-YOU'RE MAD... MAD...!



GET AWAY FROM ME! I WAS SEEN COMING HERE! YOU'LL BE CAUGHT! PLEASE...LET ME GO!

DON'T BE AFRAID OF DEATH REGINA! YOU CAN LIVE FOREVER AS ONE OF MY BEAUTIFUL STATUES!

SWIFTLY NOW, THE INHUMAN BEAST STRODE TOWARDS HER...HE PUT OUT HIS HANDS TO GRAB HER...

LET ME OUT! LET ME OUT!

SCREAM ALL YOU LIKE, MY DEAR! THIS STUDIO IS ESPECIALLY SOUND-PROOF FOR SUCH...AH...EMERGENCIES LIKE THIS! HA, HA!

YOU'LL LIVE IN MY MANIKIN...THINK OF IT! WHAT JOY...WHAT GLORY FOR YOU!!

THIS IS A HORRIBLE NIGHTMARE! I-- I'M DREAMING THIS! MUST KEEP MY WITS! GOT TO GET AWAY!

BUT AS REGINA BACKED AWAY SHRIEKING FROM THE LEERING MADMAN, HER FOOT CAUGHT ON ONE OF THE STUDIO SUPPORTS, AND...

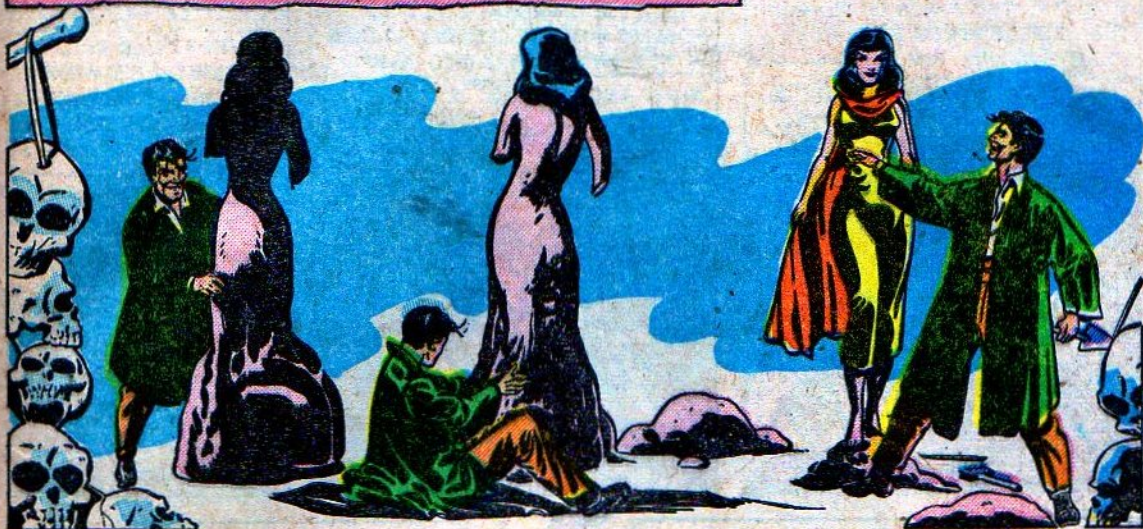
AIIIIIEEE!!

HA, HA, HA...SO YOU CHOOSE TO DIE BY TALIC ACID INSTEAD! NOW YOUR BODY WILL BE COMPLETELY DISSOLVED AND MIXED WITH MY PAINTS! HOW VERY CONVENIENT! NOW I'M SURE YOUR MANIKIN WILL BE A SUCCESS!

RUNNING TO THE HALF COMPLETED MANIKIN, CONRAD BEGAN TO WORK ON IT IMMEDIATELY, HIS EYES GLEAMING WITH ECSTASY...

THIS WILL BE A MASTERPIECE! YES, REGINA... YOUR DEATH HAS TRULY INSPIRED ME!

HE WORKED FOR DAYS... SLOWLY THE LIFE-SIZED MANIKIN GREW INTO SHAPE... SLOWLY IT BEGAN TO BE FILLED WITH THE VIBRANT QUALITY OF REGINA'S PERSONALITY...



AT LAST--IT WAS FINISHED! BEFORE HIM STOOD A MANIKIN OF INCREDIBLE CONSTRUCTION -- A VERITABLE WONDER OF DESIGN-- THE EXACT DOUBLE OF REGINA!

THERE, REGINA..WHO ELSE COULD HAVE KEPT YOUR YOUTH AND BEAUTY ENSHRINED IN CLOTH AND CLAY FOREVER? I HAVE KEPT MY PROMISE! IT *IS* A MASTERPIECE!



TWO MORNINGS LATER, AT THE FASHION SALON OF THE NEW DEPARTMENT STORE...

GENTLEMEN...A WEEK AGO I PRESENTED YOU WITH A MODEL OF ANNA TAVLOVA... NOW I GIVE YOU AN EVEN GREATER CREATION!

INCREDIBLE! HOW LIFE-LIKE! THE MAN IS A GENIUS!



THEN LEBARON HEARD A FAMILIAR TUNE...

AND BACK IN HASTINGS' OFFICE... HERE IS THE CONTRACT, LEBARON... AT \$35,000 A YEAR! SIGN IT... PLEASE...

I THINK I SHALL REST A WEEK OR SO BEFORE I START... *WORKING* FOR YOU!

"...NIGHT AND DAY... YOU ARE THE ONE..."

WHAT WAS THAT? THAT VOICE! *SHE* HAS COME BACK!!

WHO? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?



BUT CONRAD DIDN'T BOTHER TO EXPLAIN AS HE RAN TOWARDS THE MANIKIN...THE FANGS OF TERROR THAT BUBBLED FROM HIS THROAT WERE STIFLING HIM...

COME BACK! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

SHE'S ALIVE... ALIVE!!



CONRAD RIPPED ASIDE THE DRAPE-DISPLAY CURTAINS... IT HAD NOT BEEN HIS IMAGINATION! SHE WAS MOCKING HIM! THE CLOYING SOUNDS OF HER SINGING SANK INTO HIS BRAIN.

"NIGHT AND DAY... YOU ARE THE ONE!"

STOP THAT SINGING, DO YOU HEAR?

SINGING? I HEAR NO...



SUDDENLY... CONRAD KNEW WHAT TO DO! HE HAD TO THROTTLE THOSE SOUNDS!

SHUT UP! I'LL ATTEND TO THIS! SHE IS MY MANIKIN... NOT YOURS! SHE'S TRYING TO TELL MY SECRET BUT I WON'T LET HER!

"NIGHT AND DAY... YOU ARE THE ONE... NIGHT AND..."



NOW, HOWEVER, THE SINGING WAS FILLING THE ROOM... LOUDER... LOUDER... LOUDER!!!

"NIGHT AND DAY... YOU ARE THE ONE... THE ONE... THE ONE..."

I'M NOT GOING TO LET YOU COME BACK, REGINA! STOP THAT SINGING! LISTEN TO ME... I SAID STOP IT! STOP IT! I'LL...



YAAAAAAHHH!!!



A FEW MOMENTS LATER...

MR. LEBARON INSISTED THAT THE MANIKIN WAS SINGING! HE RAN TOWARD IT SHOUTING... SLIPPED AND FELL THROUGH THAT WINDOW! IT... IT WAS HORRIBLE!

HE MUST HAVE SLIPPED ON THIS LIQUID... HMM... STRANGE! SMELLS LIKE TALIC ACID... IT DRIPPED FROM THE MANIKIN!



BUT THEY WERE NEVER TO FIND OUT HOW! THEY WERE NEVER TO KNOW HOW A MADMAN'S DREAM FOR FAME CAUSED HIS OWN DEATH IN THE SAME IRONIC WAY AS THAT OF HIS MANIKIN MODEL! IT WAS AN ACCIDENTAL SLIPPING... OR WAS IT?



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WITH THAT
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S. A. L. Sanford, Fla.

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just save at me."

M. W. Waycross, Ga.

"I am feeling fine and I can
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at all but now I have a good
appetite"

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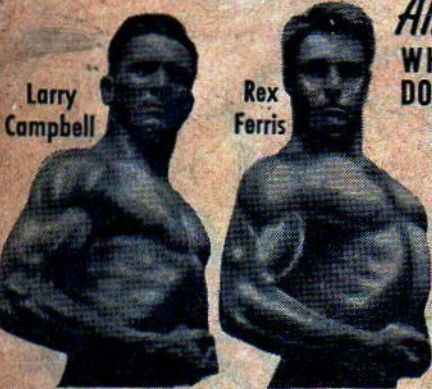
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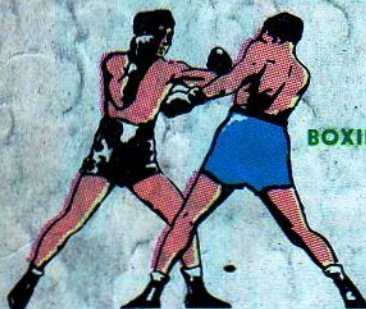
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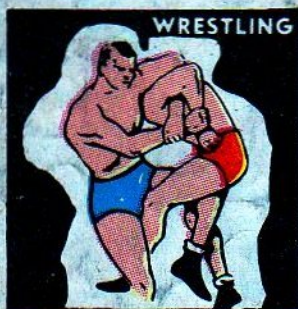


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